

Couldn't Be

by Josephine

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>( an Alex and Isabel fic )<br>Josephine

>5-28-2000<br>I don't know how long I've been here; I lost count of the days long ago. The only thing that makes me wish I had counted is my memories of the outside. My memories of family, friends, and love, that's what keeps me going. This world where I am now is surreal. There is no reality, no family, no friends, no love, and no touch with the outside world. There is nothing familiar about my life now.

>My only contact is the shackles holding me to the wall. The white walls, white ceiling, white floor. No break in the monotony- except for me.<br>I receive food every morning. I don't know why. All I know is that it's there every morning when I wake up. The food is always the same- two slices of bread, a serving of veggies, a yogurt cup, and a small carton of milk. It's always just enough to get me through the day. And it's always the same.

>One thing I especially miss, and remember about my old life is the Crashdown. The way I could choose from a whole menu of food, and I could have as much tobasco sauce as I wanted. <br>There is no tobasco sauce here.

>When I was first brought here, every day I would wake up, and scream myself hoarse. Then I would cry myself to sleep.<br>Now I just think and remember.

>I remember things I never remembered before. I remember when I was eight, and I skinned my knee running to the school bus. I had been late, but my mom let me stay home. I remember the sting of the peroxide she used to clean the wound.<br>That became a metaphor for me one afternoon when I was pondering the episode.

>To be healed first must come pain.<br>Like, I also remember when Max healed Liz. Even though I wasn't there, I know that first Liz had to go through the agonizing pain of being shot and about to die. Then she could experience the mericle of healing.

>I always envied Liz. She had the relationship with her parents that I could never have. She didn't have a problem not telling our secret. It wasn't her secret to tell.<br>It was mine.  
>That was one thing I decided I would do if I ever got out of here, I'd tell my mother the truth- no matter what Max or Michael said.<br>The other thing I'd do is tell Alex I love him- another thing I realized in a long think session.  
>Something else that I have wracked my brain over numerous times is the simple question: Why am I here? I see no evidence of testing, unless they do it while I'm sleeping. <br>All I know is, they're keeping me alive.  
>I felt tired, and I slept.<br>  
>When I opened my eyes they were thick with sleep. I reached blindly for my bread, since my stomach was growling.<br>Chewing a bite, I woke up my eyes and looked around for any change, not that there was ever any to look for.  
>Swallowing, a thought bubbled up into my conscious mind. I blinked as I realized the truth in the realization<br>The only way out of here was to die.  
><br>Alex, Max, and Michael were breaking into the compound. After two years, they finally had the plans, and abilities to make it possible. They knew if they didn't get Isabel out now, then she would be killed.  
><br>The plastic of the yogurt cup was suprizingly sharp, I noticed as I had it pressed on the skin of my wrist.  
>"See you on the other side, guys." I whispered, breaking skin.<br>As I began to black out from pain, for a fleeting moment, I thought I saw Alex's face.  
>But, no, that couldn't be.<br>~fin~  
> <p><p>

End  
file.